

Good Morning 66

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

And this
is
VIKI

TAXI SIR?

TAXI drivers are apart from other people. They are more clannish than Guardsmen and bigger snobs than Eton first-formers. They seldom eat anywhere but at "approved" rank cafes, and they firmly believe that "cabs" have "the right of way at all times."

Don't get me wrong though. I am not condemning these hard-working men. On the contrary, with a few exceptions, they are grand fellows, and their code of honour is amazingly high.

By means of these civilian Jeeps I have been getting around London.

Getting to know things

I have, with a certain degree of success, probed into the very much guarded secrets of life in the ranks of London.

Some of the drivers I met said "Thank you, sir," for my very small tip. Others, who had picked me up in Fleet Street, just grunted because they didn't expect any more. Others told me all manner of things of which I had no previous knowledge relating to my past history.

On the whole, though, they were very cheerful.

As an example, you might like to meet Eddie Line.

Every cab rank in London knows Eddie. He is nearly eighty, and still going strong. But to see his upright figure and to sit behind him whilst



A London cabbie.

By RONALD RICHARDS

The first Taximan

Lord Trenchard christened Jim "No. 1 London" when he discovered that he was the first man to drive a taxi-cab in the Metropolis. A special badge bearing that inscription was struck, and Jim had it until his death.

Of the same vintage and equally interesting and equally typical of all cabbies is Will Wright, who has driven for over half a century.

I met Will the other day and asked him about taximen's language. He laughed that hoary laugh that taxi-drivers

a London cab is Maurice Marechal. He is a grey-haired, polite and dapper little man, and, because of his knowledge of foreign languages, finds cab-driving a very profitable occupation in the East and West Ends of London.

Silk to Taxi

Before the last war Maurice was in the office of a silk merchant. In 1914 he joined the Army, and after being wounded and invalided out he became a London cab-driver.

Another taximan who has found languages a great help is Mr. H. Beech, of Camberwell. I believe he speaks Italian and Spanish, in addition to French and German. On his cab is a plate which states his linguistic abilities.

He says it has brought him many extra fares and more generous tips. His most profitable rank is at Westminster, the place most frequently visited by foreign visitors.

Frederick Griggs and Frederick Griggs drive London taxi-cabs.

Frederick Griggs is 78, Frederick Griggs is 54, and Frederick Griggs is 31. They are father, son and grandson, and they all work for the same firm.

So much for the men at the wheel—now look at the cabs.

The first appearance of the motor-driven taxi-cab in London was in 1906. Since that time there has not, until comparatively recently, been much change in the construction of cabs.

During the last decade, streamlining and interior furnishing have, of course, greatly changed, though in 1936 there were many thousands of decrepit and out-of-date cabs still on the London ranks.

Late in that year a motoring association requested of Scotland Yard that they should rid the streets of these 30-year-old relics, and, resulting from the subsequent enquiry, 11,428 cabs were condemned.

According to 1938 statistics, of the 8,044 motor-cabs licensed by the Metropolitan Police, 211 are over 20 years old, and 1,794 are between ten and twenty years old.

A long run

Taxi-cabs are usually associated with short trips from one terminus to another, or perhaps to a theatre or restaurant. On record, though, are many instances of journeys up to and over 1,000 miles.

For instance, in 1937 Mr. and Mrs. George Runciman engaged a taxi in Compton Street, London, W.C., and asked the driver to go to John o' Groats, which trip he did. When they got there they turned round and came back, via Loch Lomond and Glasgow. In all, they travelled something like 2,000 miles in George Owen's taxi.

In 1929, Mr. L. Stringer, of the Liverpool Victoria Friendly Society, travelled 1,370 miles from London to Aberdeen and back in a taxi. It took him 12 days, and cost £30 and the driver's expenses.

Another long trip was made by James Brown, a Tooting cabbie, in 1937. He was plying for hire at Euston Station



Viki, beautiful speciality dancer at the Windmill Theatre, historian, bookworm, and collector of toy dogs, is also an enthusiastic amateur nurse.

In her spare time she goes home and reads about nursing, or goes to the local hospital or A.R.P. depot to learn bandaging and how to dress wounds.

Asked about the biggest moment of her life, she said, "Oh, nothing very big has happened yet. But, oh boy! One day!!!" That might be taken as a cue for some lucky guy.

and three men approached him and asked him to go to Bodmin, in Cornwall, to collect their passports, which they had forgotten and would require for a trip the following afternoon.

He left Euston at 7.30, and at 4.30 in the morning he arrived at Bodmin with one of the men, after driving through 30 miles of fog and rain.

He arrived back at Tilbury at 2.30 in the afternoon. The men caught the boat and had ten minutes to spare.

Have you wondered what taxi-drivers talk about? If you wait around the rank coffee stalls you will find cabbies to be even more inveterate talkers of shop than actors.

From morning to night they talk about the trade.

They grumble quite a bit, they discuss tyres and petrol rations, and they exchange news of drivers now serving in the Forces. Towards the weekend they debate on the pros-

pects of the Mocatra, their own football club.

Exclusive clubs

Most drivers belong to one or more of the many clubs and societies exclusive to London taximen.

The musical club is very popular, and close behind come dramatics, horticulture, boxing, and amateur detectives.

Mr. L. Nicholls and Mr. Ben Smith, M.P., are the two men who are largely responsible for the welfare of London's taxi-drivers, and the latter, since gaining his Parliamentary seat, has done even more for his former colleagues.

Another name that is greatly respected in the ranks is that of the Rev. Dr. John Darlington, of St. Mark's Church, Kensington.

In the garden of this church is a hall, in which cabbies from every rank meet on common ground.

AIRBORNE LIFEBOAT

SUBMARINERS cruising in waters over which British shore-based aircraft operate may be interested in the following, reprinted from "The Aeroplane":—

"A new type of airborne lifeboat, which is carried under the fuselage of an aeroplane and is specially designed for dropping by parachute, is now being used by the Air-Sea Rescue Service. When dropped it automatically rights itself, no matter how it strikes the water. The boat is equipped with two motors, a good supply of petrol, full change of clothes, medical supplies, food, pyrotechnics, a portable wireless set, and sails and oars in case of engine failure.

First rescue

"Special buoyancy tanks keep it afloat and prevent it from capsizing in the roughest weather. The development of the new lifeboat was largely the result of research work of Group Capt. E. F. Waring, D.F.C., A.F.C., Deputy Director of Air-Sea Rescue. The crew of a Halifax was recently rescued in the North Sea by means of one of the new lifeboats dropped from a Hudson of Coastal Command."

We have no picture of this lifeboat, so we cannot give you any recognition details yet.—Editor.

Doest thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.
Benjamin Franklin
(1706-1790).



A taxi-cab of ancient vintage.

careering through the West End you would never know it.

It was over 60 years ago that he first climbed on to the box of his first hansom-cab, and he was the proudest man in London when he went trotting down Piccadilly in search of his first fare.

At one time Eddie Line employed seventy drivers and had a stable of 150 horses. When the motor-cab came into being he lost his business and had to start driving again, but still he keeps smiling.

Another old-timer was Jim Howe, who died on Christmas Day, 1934. Jim was known as "the King of Hammersmith Broadway" because in all weathers he could be found on his rank at Hammersmith.

have and said, "Oh! That's dying out now." However, he did recall some phrases.

The big train termini, for instance, all had names. St. Pancras was "the cold blow," Waterloo was the "coalhole," Victoria was "the boat," and Liverpool Street, because you dive down to it, was "the pond." "Pill Island" was Harley Street, the Albert Hall was referred to as "The Pepper Box."

Drivers, too, were labelled with such names as "Squeeze Apple Joe," "Wild Charlie," "Birmingham Burglar," and "Flash 'Arry."

Even frequent fares were known by such names as "The Count," "His Snottiness," and "Lady Tripehound."

The only Frenchman driving



The geniality of the modern taxi-driver is well illustrated here. We don't know whether the Scot is hoping for some change—have a guess.

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—29

1. Put the same three letters, in the same order, before and after the letters RANCEM and make a word.

2. Which of the following words is mis-spelt: IDIOSYNCRASY, HIACYNTH, ANONYMOUS, PARALLELOGRAM?

3. Can you change RIVER into SHORE, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: PLAY into DRAW, LOAN into TRAM, GOAL into STOP.

4. How many four - letter and five-letter words can you make out of the word INCOMPATIBLE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 28

1. ABACA. "Dace" adds up to 13; have you beaten it?
2. ELIMINATE.
3. EVIL, CRUX. Any others?
4. Moon, Prim, Morn, Pass, Sips, Pins, Mars, etc.

Death at Work

By NIGEL MORLAND

IT was about the first time the country had endured an epidemic of mass murder, and, as the deaths continued, the newspapers naturally wrote of little else. West Thameshire was in a state of panic when the ninth citizen died.

The county's Chief Constable begged for Mrs. Pym's help. She heard the facts in the local police station from the Superintendent.

"The first victim was old Dr. Sugden," he explained, "then there was a quiet period of three weeks, and the cases came in rapid succession. Odd people all over the place, not even connected with each other."

"In every death the cause is the same," added the divisional surgeon, who was also present. "Arsenic, but I'm damned if I know who administers the stuff or how it's done."

Mrs. Pym's enquiries went deep into the mystery. It grew more baffling as she progressed. Dr. Sugden before his death had believed he was poisoned, and

from a local research laboratory had come the result of tests; his hair alone showed the inevitable chevron-marks.

The only suspect was a man named Griffon, who admittedly hated Sugden in the belief that the old doctor's negligence had killed his wife, though the cause was not Sugden's fault: this Griffon could not appreciate.

Suspicion was not proof; the other deaths could not have been through Griffon's hand, for two of the victims were newcomers to West Thameshire and had not heard or met him.

Mrs. Pym ascertained if Sugden had done his own dispensing, learning that he had not. Arsenic is usually a slow drug, and given in continued doses if it is to be effectively unsuspected, but nothing appeared from which it could have been taken in such circumstances.

Then Mrs. Pym went along to see Mrs. Sugden, widow of the deceased medico.

"Did you dispose of anything in the surgery before the new doctor took over your late husband's practice?"

"No, Mrs. Pym. I left everything exactly as it was when he died."

"Did he take medicine himself?"

"No—yes, in a way. He was a great believer in daily doses of glucose for general fitness."

"That's a form of sugar, of

3-MINUTE THRILLER

course, and certainly not poisonous. Thank you, Mrs. Sugden."

(Solution on Page 3)

ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman



ABORIGINE MAKES A BOOMERANG.

The up-to-date Australian Aborigine finds that he can make a boomerang nowadays by using plastic wood. In the picture this hefty chap is finishing his plastic boomerang off with a rasp before he paints it. And isn't he a tough husky? By the way, the best size for ordinary use is 24 inches. If one is bigger than that it loses its spinning power. Before they found plastic wood they used the other kind, and it has been known for a boomerang to take a man's head off as clean as by a knife. The boomerang—not the head—returned spinning to its owner.

thing like an indistinctly traced footpath, which appeared to lead along the top of the ridge, and to descend with it into a deep ravine about half a mile in advance of us.

Robinson Crusoe could not have been more startled at the footprint in the sand than we were at this unwelcome discovery.

My first impulse was to make as rapid a retreat as possible, and bend our steps in some other direction; but our curiosity to see whether this path might lead, prompted us to pursue it. So on we went, the track becoming more and more visible the farther we proceeded, until it conducted us to the verge

of the ravine, where it abruptly terminated.

"And so," said Toby, peering down into the chasm, "every one that travels this path takes a jump here, eh?"

"Not so," said I, "for I think they might manage to descend without it; what say you—shall we attempt the feat?"

"And what, in the name of caves and coal-holes, do you expect to find at the bottom of that gulf but a broken neck—why, it looks blacker than our ship's hold, and the roar of those waterfalls down there would batter one's brains to pieces." Continued on Page 3.

ODD CORNER

THE rivers of Britain were supplying £12,000's worth of pearls for the London market every year in the 1850s. The pearls were obtained from fresh-water mussels, and were famous even in Roman times. The British pearls in the Crown Jewels include a magnificent specimen from North Wales, but the Scottish rivers are the most productive.

Oysters are not the only sea-shells producing pearls. Mussels have blue pearls, Ark shells violet pearls, Pinna (or "Wedge") shells, red and brown ones. These are all common shells around British shores. The tropical Trumpet shell also produces pink pearls.

One hundred and thirty salmon caught in the Thames at London went to Billingsgate Market in one day in 1766. The old Thames salmon industry was a lucrative business, Wandsworth alone sending about 3,000 salmon to market every season.

Oranges used to be grown extensively in England, and orange trees bearing quite good fruit are still to be met with in parts of the West Country. But the English oranges could not compete with the larger and cheaper imported ones, and so to-day—yes, we have no oranges.

QUIZ for today

1. What town in Europe has a suburb named Robinson?
2. Who wrote (a) "Typhoon," (b) "The Constant Nymph," (c) "The Origin of Species"?
3. One of these words is not in the Bible; which is it: Joint, Meat, Roast, Appetite, Curry, Cucumbers.
4. How far away is the moon?
5. Where are (a) British Columbia, (b) Colombia?
6. Was the "Boxer Rebellion" a strike of professional boxers, and if not, what was it?
7. What is "tiffin"?
8. Who invented the telescope?
9. Where was the Coronation Stone quarried?
10. How much is a Pack of Wool?
11. How old was Julius Caesar when he landed in Britain?
12. Where and when was the world's first iron railway opened?

FOUR WORDS PUZZLE IN No. 65.

Solution: 1. Ends. 2. Assoil. 3. Baffle. 4. Aden. The words in rotation inside box read: "Hands Off, Dear."



AS might have been anticipated from the state of my companion's supplies, I found my own in a deplorable condition, and diminished to a quantity that would not have formed half a dozen mouthfuls for a hungry man who was partial enough to tobacco not to mind swallowing it. A few morsels of bread, with a fathom or two of white cotton cloth, and several pounds of choice pigtail, composed the extent of my possessions.

Our joint stock of miscellaneous articles were now made up into a compact bundle, which it was agreed we should carry alternately. But the sorry remains of the biscuit were not to be disposed of so summarily: the precarious circumstances in which we were placed made us regard them as something on which very probably depended the fate of our adventure.

After a brief discussion, in which we both of us expressed our resolution of not descending into the bay until the ship's departure, I suggested to my companion that little of it as there was, we should divide the bread into six equal portions, each of which should be a day's allowance for both of us. This proposition he assented to; so I took the silk kerchief from my neck, and, cutting it with my knife into half a dozen equal pieces, proceeded to make an exact division.

At first, Toby, with a degree of fastidiousness that seemed to me ill-timed, was for picking out the minute particles of tobacco with which the spongy mass was mixed; but against this proceeding I protested, as by such an operation we must have greatly diminished its quantity.

When the division was accomplished, we found that a day's allow-

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jokes, drawings
and ideas—help
produce your own
newspaper

By HERMAN
MELVILLE

ance for the two was not a great deal more than what a tablespoon might hold. Each separate portion we immediately rolled up in the bit of silk prepared for it, and joining them all together into a small package, I committed them, with solemn injunctions of fidelity, to the custody of Toby.

DRAW A LINE

1	X	2	A	3	R	4	R	5	O
20	H	E	T	G	W				
19	E	S	E	K	F				
18	H	T	M	A	O				
17	A	B	E	D	N				
16	O	S	C	E	R				
15	L	E	N	M	P				

By drawing a continuous line passing through each letter once only, can you find a familiar saying? (Start at any of the numbered letters.) Clue: Not too often?

For the remainder of that day we resolved to fast, as we had been fortified by a breakfast in the morning; and now starting again to our feet, we looked about us for a shelter during the night, which, from the appearance of the heavens, promised to be a dark and tempestuous one.

There was no place near us which would in any way answer our purpose; so turning our backs upon Nukheva, we commenced exploring the unknown regions which lay upon the other side of the mountain.

In this direction, as far as our vision extended, not a sign of life,

nor anything that denoted even the transient residence of man could be seen.

The whole landscape seemed one unbroken solitude, the interior of the island having apparently been untenanted since the morning of the creation; and as we advanced through this wilderness, our voices sounded strangely in our ears, as though human accents had never before disturbed the fearful silence of the place, interrupted only by the low murmurings of distant waterfalls.

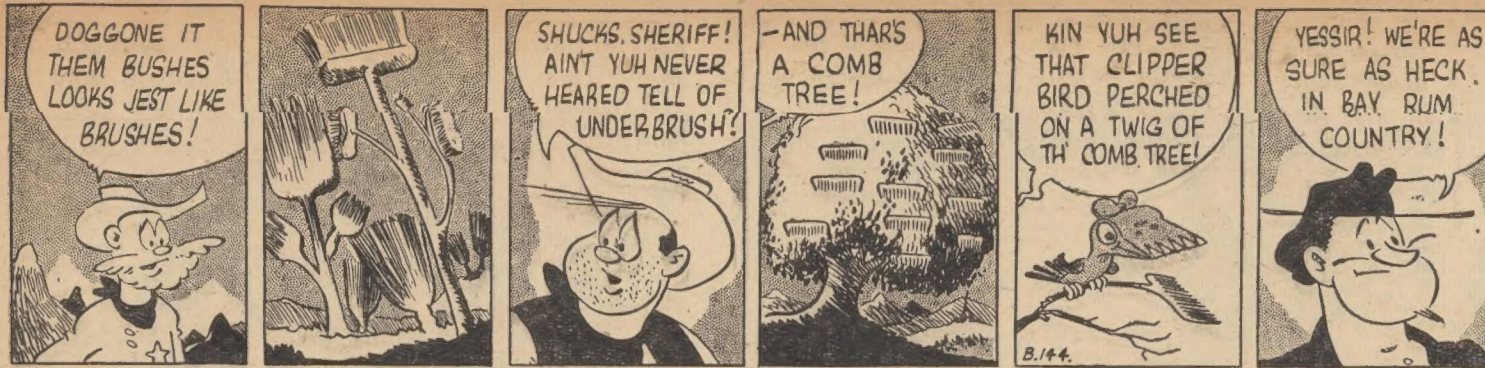
Our disappointment, however, in not finding the various fruits with which we had intended to regale ourselves during our stay in these wilds, was a good deal lessened by the consideration that from this very circumstance we should be much less exposed to a casual meeting with the savage tribes about us, who we knew always dwelt beneath the shadows of those trees which supplied them with food.

We wandered along, casting eager glances into every bush we passed, until just as we had succeeded in mounting one of the many ridges that intersected the ground, I saw in the grass before me some-

JANE



Beelzebub Jones



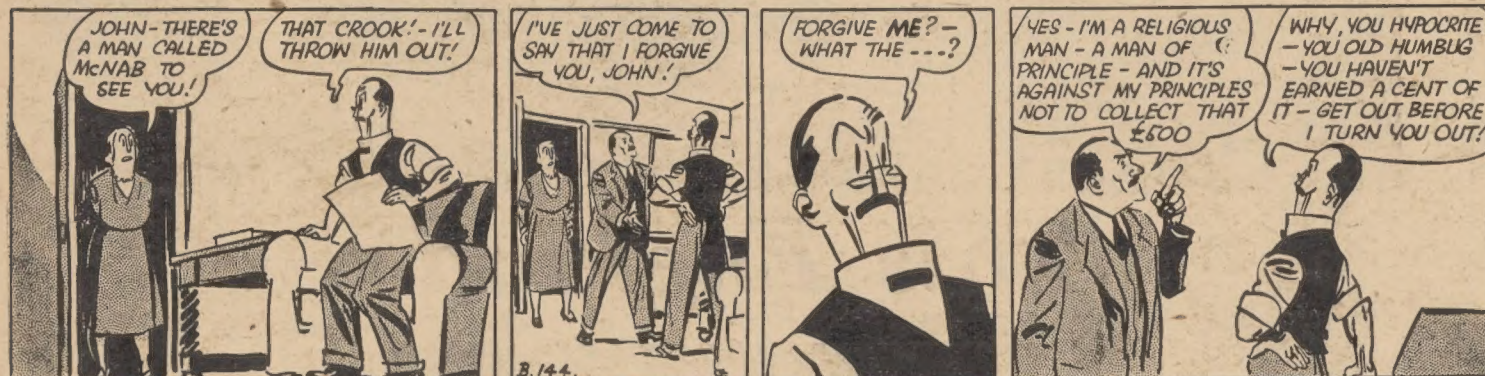
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



TYPE E

Continued from Page 2.

"Oh, no, Toby," I exclaimed, laughing; "but there's something to be seen here, that's plain, or there would have been no path, and I am resolved to find out what it is."

"I will tell you what, my pleasant fellow," rejoined Toby,

ANSWERS TO QUIZ IN No. 65.

1. A hog-like animal from S. America.
2. (a) Sir Walter Scott, (b) Dickens.
3. Column.
4. London and New York.
5. A male witch.
6. Winston Churchill, in the Boer War.
7. A kind of oboe.
8. Punch contains five ingredients, and "punj" is the Hindustani for five.
9. "Oliver Twist."
10. (a) Horse, fore-legs first, (b) cow, hind-legs first.
11. Thirteen, twelve of whom died in infancy.
12. Dr. L. Zamenhof, a Polish Jew.

quickly, "if you are going to pry into everything you meet with here that excites your curiosity, you will marvellously soon get knocked on the head; to a dead certainty you will come bang upon a party of these savages in the midst of your discovery-makings, and I doubt whether such an event would particularly delight you. Just take my advice for once, and let us 'bout ship and steer in some other direction; besides, it's getting late, and we ought to be mooring ourselves for the night."

"That is just the thing I have been driving at," replied I; "and I am thinking that this ravine will exactly answer our purpose, for it is roomy, secluded, well watered, and may shelter us from the weather."

"Ay, and from sleep too, and by the same token will give us sore throats, and rheumatisms into the bargain," cried Toby, with evident dislike at the idea. "Oh, very well then, my lad," said I, "since you will not ac-

company me, here I go, alone. You will see me in the morning"; and advancing to the edge of the cliff upon which we had been standing, I proceeded to lower myself down by the tangled roots which clustered about all the crevices of the rock. As I had anticipated, Toby, in spite of his previous remonstrances, followed my example, and dropping himself with the activity of a squirrel from point to point, he quickly outstripped me, and effected a landing at the bottom before I had accomplished two-thirds of the descent.

The sight that now greeted us was one that will ever be vividly impressed upon my mind.

Five foaming streams, rushing through as many gorges, and swelled and turbid by the recent rains, united together in one mad plunge of nearly eighty feet, and fell with wild uproar into a deep black pool scooped out of the gloomy-looking rocks that lay piled around, and thence in one collected body dashed down a narrow sloping channel which seemed to penetrate into the very bowels of the earth.

(Continued in No. 67)

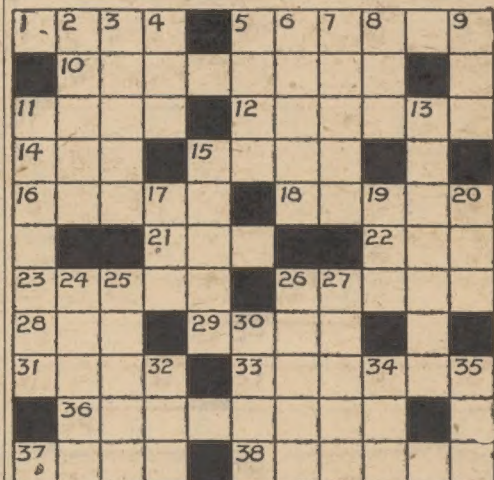
SOLUTION TO 3-MINUTE THRILLER

In two hours' high-pressure work, Mrs. Pym cracked and broke the West Thameshire mystery. She saw Sugden's successor, learning from him that the dead doctor had kept a fourteen-pound tin of glucose in the surgery, which he, the new doctor, had sent away, as he disliked the stuff. It had been sold to a retail chemist's, where it had been made into small packets for sale to people with the same ideas as Dr. Sugden.

Taxed with this, Griffon broke down and confessed. "Yes, I knew Sugden took glucose. I believe he killed my wife, and, having been a chemist, I got hold of a fourteen-pound tin of the stuff, laced it well with powdered white arsenic, and sent it to him as if from a noted wholesale house."

"I knew the dryish, sweet taste of the glucose would hide the sweetish taste of the arsenic... when the other deaths came along I didn't know how it was happening, and I daren't confess... it was a nightmare...."

CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.**
- 1 Vigorous.
 - 5 Igneous rock.
 - 10 Centres for dancing.
 - 11 Shrewd.
 - 12 Repair roughly.
 - 14 Tree.
 - 15 In that event.
 - 16 Incisors.
 - 18 Infected.
 - 21 Lubricate.
 - 22 Moisture.
 - 23 Lessen.
 - 26 Musty.
 - 28 Young animal.
 - 29 Criticise severely.
 - 31 Clinkers.
 - 33 Sudden.
 - 36 Small grains.
 - 37 Collections.
 - 38 Forsake.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

AFFIX SPAN
SARD CEASED
SLEEP ALTER
ATTAIN LIDO
YES POWER P
R DIOVOT S
M TOTEM SIC
ALEC LETTER
TIMID NURS
EMPLOY BATH
BOER KAYAK

CLUES DOWN.

- 2 Divert.
- 3 Turning machine.
- 4 Aperture for thread.
- 5 The pair.
- 6 Foreign.
- 7 Medicinal plant.
- 8 Request.
- 9 Seaman.
- 11 Dozes.
- 13 Wrap up.
- 15 Pilferer.
- 17 Little drink.
- 19 Girl's name.
- 20 Farm animal.
- 24 Bag.
- 25 Aside.
- 26 Black.
- 27 Wheel bands.
- 30 Praise.
- 32 Fuel.
- 34 Custom.
- 35 Bird.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

9,000 to 1

Those were the odds. Out of a flock of 9,000 this one lamb goes neutral on the colour-bar problem.



Looks as though a woman's hair sure is her "crowning glory." Uneasy must lie the head that wears this one anyway.

A Zulu "perm." Looks quite nifty to us, but can you imagine yourself saying, "Just lay your head on my shoulder, darling." Nothing so pointed, sirs.



June Havoc, 20th Century-Fox star, in technicolour film "Hello, Frisco, Hello," dances, sings, clowns and acts with the best of 'em, but only sheer persistence as well, got her into pictures. Gosh, where were the scouts looking to neglect such provocation personified!



This England

Canal scene at Rickmansworth. And so another stage of the journey, the passing through the lock, has been completed "Gee-up" Dobbin, there's a long towpath ahead.



Well, whoever laid that big egg has something to answer for. Looks as though someone has strayed AND strained somewhat.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'll have it scrambled!"

